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POETRY.

My Boys.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

The eldest has not finished yet
The third of life's young years,
His eyes are blue as violets,
And bright as Evening's tears;
His hair is golden as the beams
That usher in the dawn,
And softer than the tassels are
That plume the growing corn;
His voice is sweeter to my ear
Than lutes or woodland streams;
It rings amid my cares by day
And echoes in my dreams.

He has a hundred pretty ways
Which I delight to see;
I love him next to Heaven and her
Who gave the child to me;
And when he nestles to my heart
And calls me by my name—
The only name he knows for me—
I sigh no more for fame;
But think that, having such a gem
To wear upon my breast,
Contented should I be to leave
The chaplets for the rest.

My other darling's little life
In months is counted yet;
His eye is lustrous as a star
And black as burnished jet;
His hair is brown, like forest leaves,
When Autumn's frosts begin;
Four teeth have blossomed in his mouth,
A dimple dents his chin;
His smile is like the smile that plays
Upon a cherub's face—
He is a cherub, though he makes
My home his dwelling place.

No fear that we shall entertain
"An angel unaware"—
That heavenly look upon his face,
That glory on his hair,
Remind us whence the darling came,
And bid us not forget
That he who lent the child to us
Will come to claim him yet.

BUFFALO, May 20, 1866.

The Charter Oak.

A dirge, a dirge for the brave old oak,
That helped to make us free!
Let the valleys ring with the echo woke
By a dirge for the fallen tree!

It has stood for centuries, strong and bold,
Its broad arms stretching high;
And its lofty head, as it awayed, has told
The tale of our liberty.

Far back in the years, in its early morn,
It was held a sacred thing;
And the red man watch'd, to plant his corn,
Its leaves as they oped in Spring.

And when in our fathers' fiery zeal
They struggled to be free,
It held in its massive trunk the seal
Of our sacred liberty.

It was green to the last, and towered high
As it rocked in its ancient pride,
And it seemed a champion of freedom and
truth,
As it tossed its strong arms wide.

And we thought, as we looked on its noble
form
That while it could battle with wind and storm
Our liberty could not die.

It fell—the sturdy tree—at last,
When a tempest wild did blow,
But, falling, it faced the angry blast,
And bowed, to meet its foe!

Then a dirge, a dirge for the brave old oak,
That helped to make us free!
Let the valleys ring with the echo woke
By a dirge for the fallen tree!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bad Luck.

A little bad luck is beneficial now and
then:—If Patrick Henry had not failed
in the grocery business, it is not at all
probable that he would ever have been
heard of as an orator. He might have
become celebrated, but it would not have
been for his eloquence, but the great
wealth he acquired by a speculation in
bar soap and ax handles. Roger Sher-
man became a signer of the "Declaration
of Independence" for no other reason
than that he could not make a living at
shoemaking. He cut his bristles and
staked his "all" on the "rights of man."
The consequence was that the same indi-
vidual who found it bootless to make
shoes, in a few years became a living
power in our revolution.

Too Much Business.

This is a world of inflexible commerce;
nothing is ever given away, but every-
thing is bought and paid for. If, by ex-
clusive and absolute surrender of our-
selves to material pursuits, we material-
ize the mind, we lose that class of satis-
faction of which the mind is the region
and resource. A young man in business,
for instance, begins to feel the exhilarat-
ing glow of success, and deliberately de-
termines to abandon himself to its deli-
cious whirl. He says to himself, "I will
think of nothing but business until I have
made so much money, and then I will be-
gin a new life. I will gather round me
books, pictures and friends. I will have
knowledge, taste, and cultivation, the per-
fumes of scholarship, and winning speech
and graceful manners. I will see for-
eign countries and converse with accom-
plished men. I will drink deep of the
fountain of classic lore. Philosophy shall
guide me, history shall instruct me, and
poetry shall charm me. Science shall
open to me her wonders. I shall then
remember my present life of drudgery as
one that recalls a dream when the morn-
ing has dawned." He keeps his self-
registered vow. He bends his thoughts
downwards and nails them to the dust.
Every power, every affection, every taste,
except those which his particular occupa-
tion calls into play, is left to starve. Over
the gates of his mind he writes in letters
which he who runs may read, "No ad-
mittance, except on business." In time
he reaches the goal of his hopes, but now
insulted nature begins to claim her re-
venge. That which was once unnatural
is now natural to him. The enforced re-
straint has now become a rigid deformity.
The spring of his mind is broken. He
can no longer lift his thoughts from the
ground. Books and knowledge, and wise
discourse add the amenities of art, and
the cordiality of friendship are like
words in a strange tongue. To the hard
smooth surface of his soul, nothing gen-
ial, graceful or winning, will cling. He
cannot even purge his voice of its fawn-
ing tone, or pluck from his face the mean,
money-getting mask which the child does
not look at without ceasing to smile.
Amid the graces and ornaments of wealth,
he is like a blind man in a picture gal-
lery. That which he has done he must
continue to do; he must accumulate rich-
es which he cannot enjoy, and contem-
plate the dreary prospects of growing old
without anything to make age venerable
or attractive, for age without wisdom
and without knowledge, is the winter's cold
without the winter's fire.

Anecdote.

The following anecdote I relate on the
authority of Wilson: "A box," he says,
"fitted up in the window of the room
where I slept, was taken possession of by
a pair of wrens. Already the nest was
built, and two eggs laid, when one day,
the window being open, as well as the
door, the female wren, venturing too far
in the room, was sprung upon by the cat,
and destroyed. Curious to know how the
surviving wren would act in the circum-
stances, I watched him carefully for sev-
eral days. At first he sang with great
spirit. This continued for an hour or
two. After this, becoming uneasy, he
went off for an hour. On his return, he
chanted again as before, and went to the
top of the house, stable, and weeping
willow, so that his mate would hear him;
but, seeing nothing of her, he once more
visited the nest, ventured cautiously into
the window, gazed about with suspicious
looks, his voice sinking into a low, sad
tone, as he stretched his neck in every
direction. Returning to the box, he
seemed for some minutes quite at a loss
what to do, and soon went off, as I thought,
altogether, for I saw no more of him that
day. Toward the afternoon of the second
day, he again made his appearance in
company with another female, who seem-
ed exceedingly shy, and, though not until
after great hesitation, entered the box.
At this moment the little widower seemed
as though he would warble his very life
out with joy.

A Burmese Robinson Crusoe.

RANGOON, June 20.—A Burman ar-
rived here a few days ago, having been
picked up by a Chinese junk at sea, in a
small boat by himself, about ninety miles
east of Tavoy. The man's history of
himself is a strange one. He was one of
six men who proceeded, about seven
months ago, in a boat from Tavoy to one
of the Preparis islands, named Bundur.
Their object was to obtain a cargo of
cocoa nuts. It is an understood and ac-
knowledged rule among the Burmese
tribes that inhabit the western coasts of
Tenasserim, that the first party arriving
at any of these islands have the sole right
and title to the cocoa nuts of the season.
A day or two after the Tavoy men had
reached the island of Bundur, a party of
the Moulmein men arrived at the same
place for the same purpose, and were of
course somewhat annoyed to find the Ta-
voy men had arrived before them. They
asked to be allowed to halves in the nuts,
but the Tavoy men insisted on their right
to the whole, and told the Moulmein men
they might get the cocoa nuts from the
neighboring small island of Wa. The
Moulmein men went and returned the
same day, saying there were no nuts
worth having, and said they would re-
main on the island of Bundur, and would
take what were left by the Tavoy men.
This was accordingly settled between
them. It seems that nuts could only be
obtained in fine weather, or from some
reason or another, they did not try to get
any when it rained, but fished for sea
slugs instead, a fish highly prized by
the Chinese, and fetching a good price
where there are Chinamen. One rainy
day, as the Tavoy men were fishing,
three being on the sea shore, and three
in the water, the Moulmein men made an
attack on them with muskets and daws.
The three Tavoy men on shore were
killed, and the three in the water, of
whom the narrator was one, being fired
at, swam out to sea. Two of these, after
swimming some hours, sank, and the
third and only survivor, being a very good
swimmer, floated on his back, and while
so, seated he went to sleep and awoke in
the middle of the night, finding that the
tide was drifting him into the island
again. He regained the shore before it
was light, and finding, as he stumbled
along the shore, a hollow trunk of a tree
standing upright, with a hole at the top,
he got into it, and that tree actually was
his place of concealment for six months.
He could see through a chink in the tree
when the Moulmein men went abroad,
and managed to get coconuts when he
knew they were not about. The kernel
was his food, and the water or milk his
drink. At last he found his enemies had
gone, and in venturing abroad and going
round the island he perceived that they
had taken both boats with them. He de-
clares that one night he dreamed that in
a certain part of the island that there was
lying a small boat, and on proceeding the
next morning to the spot he found it.
This seems like romance, but the man
gave his evidence in a calm manner to
the magistrate here, Dr. Martin, and had
told the same story exactly to the captain
of the Chinese junk, as soon as he came
to himself after being taken on board, for
he was at first too agitated to say any-
thing. To continue the strange narra-
tive, our Robinson Crusoe remembered
that one of his comrades had broken the
blade of his knife in opening a cocoa nut,
and had thrown it down in a particular
spot. He found the knife on the ground
among the grass, and though the blade
was broken, managed to cut a rudder and
a mast. These he attached to the little
boat, and taking a supply of cocoa nuts
with him, started for Tavoy, being guided
by the sun by day, and the stars by night.
He was proceeding on his course when
he was picked up by the junk. The
truth of the man's story was partly con-
firmed in court, for one of the native of-
ficials connected therewith, told the ma-
gistrate that his wife, who had lately re-
turned from Moulmein, had mentioned to

him that the wife of the person whom our
Crusoe named as the head of the Moul-
mein crew, had lately come out in very
costly garments, and that her daughters
were also very richly dressed, and that
it was generally known that the man had
made lately a very successful expedition
to one of the Preparis Islands, and had
brought back a rich boat load of cocoa
nuts. Robinson Crusoe has been sent to
Moulmein to identify the murderers,
whom he knows by name as well as by
appearance. Conceive their horror and
amazement when they are confronted
with the man they must have long ago
considered drowned and devoured by
sharks. Time will show whether the
man's story turns out true. His narra-
tive was clearly and dispassionately given.
—Indian Paper.

Gentle Drink.

Old Judge Cole, of Texas, was char-
acterized by his attachment to that se-
dative beverage called peach and honey,
and by his hatred of whiskey and whiskey
drinkers. While holding a court at Aus-
tin, two men were brought up on a charge
of a drunken affray. It was a plain case;
the row had occurred in the public street,
in open day, and there were fifty wit-
nesses to the whole transaction. So the
two delinquents pleaded guilty, by the ad-
vice of the counsel, and threw themselves
upon the mercy of the Court. They
were then brought up for sentence sepa-
rately.

"You are guilty of an affray," growled
the Judge.

"Yes, your Honor," whined the offend-
er, not a little scared.

"Drunk, I suppose," grunted the Judge.

"Yes, your Honor," murmured the
prisoner, with some faint hope that having
been drunk would mitigate the punish-
ment.

"Drunk on rye whiskey, too, I'll war-
rant," roared the Judge in a voice of
thunder.

"Yes, your Honor, drunk on rye whis-
key."

"Mr. Clerk, record a fine of fifty dol-
lars against this man," cried the Judge,
"and send him to jail for sixty days. I
shall fine the next one who is guilty un-
der such aggravating circumstances a
hundred dollars, and send him to jail for
six months."

This was poor comfort for the unfor-
tunate customer who was waiting his turn,
and now came forward with fear and
trembling. As he passed along by his
lawyer, that thoughtful gentleman whis-
pered in his ear—"When the Judge asks
you what you got drunk on, tell him on
peach and honey." He took his stand.

"You, too, are here for an affray,"
growled the old Judge, "gnashing his
teeth, as if he would like to bite the cul-
prit at the bar."

"Yes, your Honor."

"Drunk, too, I suppose."

"Yes, your Honor; sorry to say it—
drunk—very drunk."

"Drunk on rye whiskey, too, I sup-
pose?"

"Oh, no, your Honor; I never drink
whiskey. I got drunk on peach and
honey."

The Judge's features relaxed in an in-
stant. Leaning forward and raising his
spectacles, he contemplated the offender
with interest, and then, with something
like tenderness, blandly said—"Ah! sir,
peach and honey, eh! that's a gentle-
manly drink, sir. The Court sym-
pathizes with you, sir, and does not regard
your offense as very serious. Mr. Clerk,"
he continued, in a softening tone, "enter
a fine of one dollar against this gentle-
man, and discharge him on payment of
costs."

"I stand," said a western stump orator,
"on the broad platform of the principles
of '98, and palsied be mine arm if I de-
sert 'um!" "You stand on nothing of the
kind," interrupted a little shoemaker in
the crowd: "You stand in my boots, that
you never paid me for, and I want the
money."

VARIETY.

"Don't Worry."

This is the first thing an editor should
get by heart. If Mr. Slocum threatens
to withdraw his patronage, because you
criticized Prof. Draw's lecture on the
onion question, don't worry—but tell him
to go ahead and do it. If Mr. Bullion
writes you an insulting letter, saying that
if you don't stop writing about the Did-
dleton Railroad, he will ruin you with a
lawsuit—don't worry, but dare him to try
it on. If Mr. Smith threatens to "cave
your ugly head in" because you mention-
ed that "his son Bob" was sent to the
Tombs, for pelting a street lamp with
brick-bats—don't worry, but tell him you
love the law, you dine on a salad made of
red tape and sealing wax. If Mr. Silk
approaches you with a horse pistol "that
kicks," and offers to blow your brains out
if you ever again allude to his visits to
Mrs. Demure—don't worry about it, but
tell him to blaze away. Again we say,
never worry. If you do, you are no
more calculated for an editor, than a
quaker is for marine horns.

A "Tail" Bearer.

Naturalists have remarked that the
squirrel is continually chattering to his
fellow squirrels in the woods. This, we
have every reason to suppose, arises from
that animal's love of gossip, as he is no-
toriously one of the greatest tail bearers
among his tribe.

A beggar asking Dr. Sinollett for alms,
he gave him through mistake a guinea.
The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hob-
bled after him to return it; upon which
Sinollett returned it to him, with another
guinea as a reward for his honesty, ex-
claiming, at the same time, "What a
lodging has honesty taken up with!"

The New Police.

Our new Mayor is a funny fellow, as
will be seen by an examination of his
police appointments. He has evidently
been guided in his selections by a regard
to curious nomenclatures. We have been
told that the following arrangement has
been made to secure the right men in the
right places.

John Glaze, is to look after broken
windows.

John Saphead, will attend to the young
gentlemen of West Walnut street.

Peter Axe, will be attached to the Hook
and Ladder Company.

Wm. Hammer, will superintend the
Public Pound.

James Gamble, will devote himself to
the thimble riggers.

John Swift, will act as special Runner.

Conrad Yearly, will wait on the ex-
Mayor every New Year's Day, with the
"compliments of the season."

P. Linden will keep the worms off the
trees.

Veneer Doesey will wake up his fel-
low officers when'er dozy.—*Philadel-
phia Bulletin.*

A woman of excellent sense, and some-
what of a satiric turn of mind, was asked
if she really intended to marry Mr. —,
adding that Mr. — was a good kind of
a man, but so very singular. "Well," re-
plied the lady, "so much the better; if he
is very much unlike other men, he is
more likely to make a good husband."

An eminent savant was introduced at
an evening party to a rather pert young
lady. "Oh, Mr. —," she said, "I am
delighted to meet you; I have so long
wished to see you." "Well," said the
man of science, "and pray what do you
think of me, now that you have seen me?"
"You may be very clever," was the an-
swer, "but you are nothing to look at."

Each moment makes thee "dearer," as
the parsimonious tradesman said to his
extravagant wife.

"What plan," said an actor to another,
"shall I adopt to fill the house at my ben-
efit?" "Invite your creditors," was the
surly reply.

The Russians cannot be so badly off, as
all have lately had change of a sovereign.